

X-Ray
Ron Lynch Chalice 7-30-93

Note: Didn't have one that started with "X." – RLC

You come wanderin' home about four AM
smellin' like an old cigar
tears in your eyes, you're spoutin' lies
'bout breakin' down in your car
But you don't smoke, where'd the smell come from
I ask in an innocent way
the tow truck driver was a stogie freak
is all that you can say

CHORUS:

Don't tell lies, I've got X-Ray eyes
I can see right through that crap
Don't say you were at home, sittin' all alone
'cos I was right here takin' a nap

You got a button missin' from your shirt
your pants ain't zipped up right
your stockin's are on inside out
and your eyes have a certain light
You got wet in the rain, and you had to change
in the seven-eleven john
don't tell me that lie, 'cos it won't fly
better try another one, hon

CSECT:

Don't play sneaky pete with me, love
don't be messin' around
I'll chase you up a tree, love
and I'll castrate that clown

Now don't be cryin' those great big tears
don't pretend to be sad
It ain't gonna cool my temper at all
can't ya see I'm awful mad
Don't be tryin' to apologize
I'm angry can't ya see
If you'd been home a minute earlier
you damn well would've caught me